

Mike, El, and The Breakup by Elmerine

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Summary:

At age 16, Mike and Eleven have spent three years together. Mike and El knew each other better than they knew anything else, and that's where the problem began. They needed to get away.

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There couldn't have been worse timing. It was December of '87 everything was perfect. The Hopper cabin was decked (for Jim Hopper's decorating skills, anyway) in holiday decor, it was dark despite it being half six in the evening, and the teenagers were alone. Lights were turned off throughout the small home, except for the Christmas tree which allowed facial features to be accentuated just enough. El had just turned on Christmas music, and softly sang along to the hits.

"Where's your Christmas spirit, Mike?" Eleven softly nudged her boyfriend's shoulder. "This is the only thing Christmas-like about you."

El's hand grabbed excess fabric from Mike's argyle sweater and raised an eyebrow.

Mike never cared for the holidays much, but he was always sure to pretend he did around El. She relished in the gleeful season, so he was willing to go the extra mile.

"It's right here." Mike quickly joined in on singing 'White Christmas'.

El couldn't help but laugh while Mike quickly stood up from the couch and pulled the girl up with him.

"I'm not dancing with you." She said, but still wrapped her hands around his neck. Unlike the first time they had danced, his hands were confident on her waist.

They stood so close that every part of them was touching. Every breath was mixed and every blemish, freckle, or scar on their faces was seen.

As the song ended, Mike placed a kiss on her forehead.

Silence followed as they sat back down. The CD had stopped, which made Mike contemplate whether he should turn in back on just to

drown out some of the things he was about to say.

"I have to say a few things, and I don't want you to be angry with me, okay?" His words were already shaky. El was instantly concerned.

"My anger depends on what you say." El said, making Mike laugh softly. That was his girl. Always honest.

"I don't know if this is the right thing to do. I know you deserve to experience everything you possibly can, and there's a chunk of things you're missing out on with our relationship. I mean, really, El. I was basically the first positive male in your life." His words came out quickly. He thought that they might hurt less if it was fast.

Of course, they would hurt, they hurt him to say out loud.

El knew what he meant. She didn't want to, but she knew.

"I'm sorry. I love you so much. I don't want to hold you back." Mike's eyes were filling with tears by now. 'How dare I be upset when I'm doing this?' He thought.

She didn't speak. She was too busy trying to calm her mind and prevent objects from being thrown across the room. That was a downside to being nearly superhuman. Her emotions controlled everything.

Mike didn't know if he should leave or stay.

"I'm not angry. I know your heart, Mike." Her voice was clear, steady, empowering. "You're wrong, though. You don't hold me back."

"I have to see. I have to give you the chance to see what the world has to offer." Mike said, tears now streaming down his face.

"Okay, but don't find anyone else because I'll be back to show you that you're the only one I want." El moved closer to him, dangerously close.

"There isn't anyone else, El." He said as her thumb came across his cheek, picking up moisture. "I should go now."

They both nearly went in for a kiss but caught themselves at the last moment. This would take some getting used to.